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## L UKS AND BELLOWS BY AMEEN RIHANI AMERICAN PAINTING, PART III. (*See May and June issues.*)

THERE are things in the personality of these two American artists that make their association in my mind inevitable. They are both prodigious, untrammelled, egocentric; they both foster the cosmic consciousness and adopt the Whitman manner. Their attitude towards life and art is individualistic; their originality is uncommon. In their bull-dog egoism, which is more amusing than offensive, which is even refreshing, the word of the hypocrite is obsolete, the smile of the smug is archaic. They are both worshippers of Art and the Ego in a downright, sincere and thoroughly modern manner.

And they are both sworn enemies of the tawdry and the sentimental. Nature must surrender unconditionally to them or eat her own heart. A fig for her sighs and tears! They would drag all her sheltered and cherished emotions into the open and make them jazz and tango on canvas. They set little or no value on restraint. They recognize not the seemingly adventitious. They are after the big facts of life, which are often mistaken for truth. And in giving them to the world, they prefer the manner of hitting the nail on the head. They fail to observe, their wonderful perceptivity to the contrary, that to hit on the head and around it, is often worth while. For nature takes care that no time spent by genius at a task is ever lost, though the gain be only a matter of chance.

And both George Bellows and George Luks are geniuses. I have their own word for it. Both are Americans *à la Whitman*, which is

by no means the most admirable. Before I go further, I wish to say that I have the deepest respect for the cultured American, who is as cosmopolitan as any European, as considerate as any Oriental, and more genuinely sympathetic than both. *He* is made in God's own image. I do not mean to say that Luks and Bellows are not. Allah forgive me, if I have already conveyed this impression. *They* are geniuses; and genius is inclusive. Satan must always have a hand in it.

An Oriental's appetite so often turns in his own land against a diet of good manners and insincerity that he always relishes the reverse of it in America. Neither Luks nor Bellows has a mincing manner in speech or behaviour. Nor do they ever try to excuse a crude sincerity with a false and feeble gesture. They both mince it in paint, however, veiling with a masterly technique some palpable defects. But of this later.

The cosmopolitanism of both artists is still in a way an aspiration. Even so their culture, which would not preclude the mystical and symbolical. If they did not tread roughshod over the mosaic floor of conventionality, looking angrily, impatiently out of the windows, they might discover under their own feet a few things worth their while. It seems to me that they are both beginning to realize this, however, and in their more recent work they have changed their brogans for sandals.

Luks is beginning to hear the whispers of the past; and Bellows has already caught a few immortal notes. In his colour expressions, at least, he pays a tribute to the ancient masters. The rich velvety tones in his canvases make audible to us the distant echoes of the Florentine school. And he will yet find



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the right formula that in his work will link the present with the past. He started by looking out of America into Art; he will end by looking out of Art into America. Luks, too, is headed in this direction, although he betrays his approach too often with a needless proclamation.—I come to teach you birds how to paint! The birds are startled, of course, and take to flight.

I have discussed in a former article the significance of personality in a work of art. I wish to add that culture very often discounts the intensity of the personal note, while intensity is seldom accompanied by culture. That both Bellows and Luks are intensely individualistic and are beginning to recognize the value of culture, is a fact that leads to speculation. As it is, they are impetuously American, not in a political sense,—gramercy, no!—but in the manner already indicated. Whether they will go with Whitman all the way and thus renounce their allegiance to culture, or achieve a cosmopolitanism in which their Americanism will only be a historical comment upon their work, remains to be seen.

So far their personality sometimes becomes a disfiguring mannerism. True, there is a racy flavour in their palettes; but their idiomatic tendency now and then breaks out in slang. On the other hand, they both paint in the sombre tones suggestive of the Munich school. They would go thus far, at least, for their pigments, their instrument of expression. And then they will do what they like with it. Luks, in his Nova Scotia canvases, makes us pause and listen. He is calling to us from a distance, that is certain. But what he is saying, we can not quite make out. He may be hailing us, he may be warning us, he may be just shouting at us. The trick of technique in these canvases jostles, but fails to get through, our crowding sensations. The colour scheme is original, almost bizarre; and the staccato style, although the bold, free stroke succeeds in evolving some new rhythm, emphasizes the fact that Luks paints, as he talks, straight from the shoulder. But in his other work, as I shall show, his brush invades the classic traditions and not infrequently gets away with an exacted tribute.

In his Newport scenes, Bellows has painted

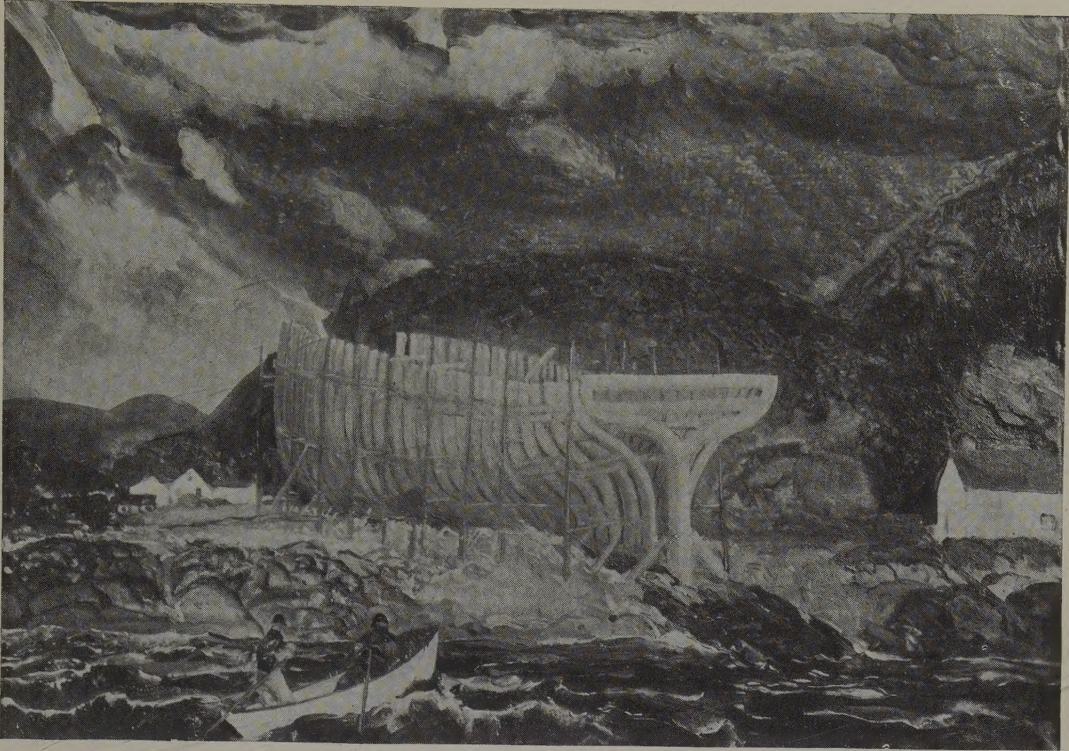
in a saturnine mood, in tones tempered with the sombre glow of the depths. But his composition is overwrought, and the warmth of his soul is lost in an effort to synchronize his varied and multitudinous impressions. In his *Sunbeams and Rain*, for instance, there is something needed to convince us that they are coming down simultaneously. The note of *rapport* is missing. His *After Glow* is fine in values, striking in contrasts, suggestive in design. But to one who has seen the afterglow in other lands, this is an odd version of the phenomenon. Evidently, unlike Luks, he does not paint, as he talks, straight from the shoulder. His æsthetic sense exercises a certain sway over his impetuosités. And there is always a poetic beauty in his canvases. This is the main point of departure between them. For in their work they are as different as Vachel Lindsay and Edgar Lee Masters.

I sought Bellows to get a glimpse at his cosmic consciousness, if such a thing is possible in a studio. The machinery too often interferes. But I wanted to find out for myself how genuinely Whitmanesque he is and how far he has gone into the past. Needless to say that the distance of the one is in inverse proportion to the bulk of the other. The nearer we are to Florence, the farther away from Camden: as Raphael looms large before us, Whitman recedes into the hazy distance. It would be interesting to know, not how Bellows is progressing towards this or that point, but how America itself is going to evolve from a Whitmanesque conception, cosmic in the abstract, to a cosmopolitan consciousness. Whitman wove his cocoon of Americanism crudely, and the larva will yet develop its wings and break through, even though it takes another century.

Bellows was working on a canvas a few of the details of which still puzzled him. He is painstaking, deliberate, exact. He treats his subject as if it were a geometrical problem. The canvas in question is a picture of an old lady in her wedding gown—a colonial dress of heavy white silk—set off by a background in the deep rich tones of the old masters. In her hands, resting on her lap, is a red-beaded bag, which, although an anachronism, is a bit of very pleasing contrast. He



## *Luks and Bellows*



*Courtesy Knoedler Galleries*

SHIPBUILDERS

BY GEORGE BELLOWES

considered it the most beautiful thing in the picture. George Bellows has a manner of sweeping away subtle interpretations, of clearing the atmosphere for a pronouncement. And with such he is amazing. The canvas of the American lady in her colonial wedding gown will stand out among the best of his achievements. It is going to be a masterpiece. Take his own word for it.

Aside from it he had but a few canvases in his studio to show. His work is on the road, travelling. He himself does not travel; he has never been abroad. Which is one of the things, in connection with his art, he is proud of. Would you like to see some photographs, he asked? Here is a portfolio of them, and here is another. Landscapes? Yes, there are some. But a true artist, I am told again, does not specialize. Look at Whistler—look at Cézanne. And Bellows' own work does not belie the dictum.

Indeed, his scope is vast. Cities at night and people in crowds have as much fascination for him as the sea had for Winslow Homer, as the fields for Inness. Fishermen and ship-builders and armies marching up the Avenue, have attracted his palette. The

sea in rebellion, the sun in a despairing gesture, the clouds in commotion, the cliffs in articulate frenzy, the crepuscular splendour, the sombre glow of contending forces as well as the supreme calm of heroic souls, they all owe a debt to his cosmic brush.

It was refreshing to hear him expound his views. It was also amusing. Americanism in art? With characteristic Whitmanesque inconsistency he turned his heavy artillery upon it. He has no patience with a so-called national art. He would blow into atoms the slick and smug little patriot, whether he be a dealer or an amateur or an academician. Bellows is not an American artist: he is a great artist—he is cosmic.

And why should we not produce great world-artists in America? Have we not given the world Whitman and Poe and Winslow Homer? And we are only in our beginning—in our infancy. Egad! Bellows is sick and tired of those who want to nationalize our art, to Americanize it as if it were a Czeck or a Slav immigrant. Nor can he tolerate the critic that truckles to these sentiments, that drivels and drools about "the sturdy Americanism" in the work of this or that painter.



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We don't speak of "a sturdy Frenchism" in Cézanne. And there is no more Americanism in a Bellows landscape than the fact that an American painted it. All of which, like his own physical prominence, is sound and heavy-heeled.

But what are we to do with the Americanism of Walt Whitman? Will George Bellows renounce him eventually? He is, to be sure, a distinct individuality, a pure product of democracy. But there is no more art in his work than there is in Tom Paine's incendiarism or Tupper's philosophy. And there is real solid art in Bellows. The roots of his tree may be deeply imbedded beneath *Leaves of Grass* but its branches, I predict, will yet spread out above horizons of classic beauty.

For he is a man of vision that recognizes the potency of form; and his sense of colour is highly developed. There is power in his work, and depth of feeling and charm. And although he builds his canvases like a scientist who still respects the hypothetical process, he is too meticulous in selection to be overwhelming in mere massiveness or startling in a single design. He is complex. He is a poet with a scientific imagination. His *Ship Builders*, for instance, is a distinct achievement. The sky that hangs above the keel on the beach makes a lasting impression. It is fraught with all the potential terror of the sea; it is epical of many an unhappy adventure, many a wreck; it hints at the treacherous promise of a smiling horizon, while here and there is the alluring gesture that makes human heroism possible. It seems to say to the builders, Be ye Vulcans or quit. The men in the rowboat emphasize the symbol. And the hill that shelters the ship in the making and may yet look upon its skeleton washed ashore by an angry sea, completes the cycle of natural forces. In his *Fisherman's Family*, painted in the same manner and style, the brindled cliff balancing the figures, rises enigmatic, oracular,—is made articulate of both danger and assurance. The conception in these pictures is most poetic, the composition is impeccable, the sombre harmonies are captivating.

Moreover, Bellows has a panoply of technique. In a single canvas, his *Warships*, for

instance, which is painted *contre-jour*, we detect one technique in the sky, another in the purplish mass representing the Palisades, and still another in the water. One can see how a painter of little talent might have made a mess of it. Hopelessly experimenting, the critic would say, echoing three masters at a time. Here are no echoes, however, but a symphony of tones exquisitely rendered. Indeed, such a multiform technique, masterly handled, is a triumph in originality.

I have spoken of a disfiguring mannerism, which is made to cover some palpable defects, particularly in his smaller canvases. Now, what are these defects? To my mind, they arise solely from sheer prodigality. He brings so much to his canvas that in the construction he finds himself clamouring for space. And rather than eliminate, he subjects his material in the distribution to the rough handling that is often mistaken for strength. Hence the cluttering effect which he does not always succeed in overcoming.

Real power in a work of art is spiritual and æsthetic. And he who has these qualities is appreciative of the elements that make for plastic beauty. Nor is the decorative in this connection to be considered negligible. It is to power what the flexible line in a rhythm is to the angle. It makes it articulate. Bellows knows this well; for his decorative impulse is evinced even in his most Dionysian mood. Withal, his sense of decoration is fluid; one idea melts into another, suggesting a multiplicity of sensations. The more reason why he ought to be more simple in his compositions. He is so eloquent that he need not be rhetorical. And in his reverence for the past he has an asset that is inexhaustible.

Indeed, Parnassus is only a hill like all other hills; but around it still lingers the breath of the gods. The high places of Israel may be empty and barren; but at their feet broods the spirit of the ages and above them the seasons echo the chants of the temple. It is true that art just happens. But much depends on where it happens. It seems to me that Bellows, considering his classic attachments and qualifications, is the right man in the wrong place. However, youth still smiles upon him. And many things, I dare say, will



## *Luks and Bellows*



LOVE GODS

BY GEORGE LUKS

(The writer refers to this painting always as *Cupids*)

yet happen in his life that will secure for him European recognition and make America really proud of his splendid achievements.

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Although he himself sits in the high places and awards academic prizes, George Luks is firm also in the belief that art is not produced by academies, or constitutions, or Americanizing movements. He too declares that art just happens. Some good things too are now happening in America. But among the thousand men and women that are wasting paint and canvas, there are but two or three good artists—artists of genius. And among them, foremost, you will be assured, is George Luks.

The first thing that impressed me in him is his abounding enthusiasm. His responses are sudden and genuine; his avowals unequivocal. And although he reminisces in-

terestingly of the nineties, when, as an art student he returned from Paris, a fierce outlander in a wee straw hat, to chastise the Philistines of America, he still possesses the treasures of youth. Since then, however, he seems to have made, in a personal and domestic way, many concessions to conventionality. He is now a solid citizen, who pays, I take it, his income tax, attends Board meetings, and goes perhaps to church. He no longer looks the part he plays or is destined to play. But what artist does?

No, there are no kinks in the make-up of George Luks. A man of ordinary features and bluff manners and picturesque speech, he walks rough-shod through the world of art, sweeping everything before him with a gesture and an expletive. But he is uncommonly kind, I am told, to newcomers of talent; and



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he plays fair in awarding academic prizes. With an admiration for things European, an appreciation of things Oriental, and an absolute allegiance to America, he seems irresistible as a wooer of Cosmopolitanism. He comes to her with rare gifts—and a proclamation quite Whitmanesque.

Should this be resented on the ground that an artist must not usurp the critic's function? Surely, if he be an artist of genius, he should know, better than any critic, how to handle the trumpet as well as the brush. And when he condescends to do so, it is for our benefit and, through us, for the benefit of the world. Luks leaves us in no doubt about anything. He sends us away with an armful of affirmations from which to choose at our leisure.

And the faithful scribe, with the dust of the pilgrimage still upon him, now affirms that Luks is a man of culture, all his open declarations to the contrary, notwithstanding; that he is an artist of genius, the foremost in America who, of a certainty, has reached the highest peaks; and that the Old World will yet sit up and take notice of this Giant of the New World. Having done this, I shall now proceed to analyse the few stray impressions, which were left like straws clinging to the moss beneath the gushing stream.

I said, but did not affirm, that George Luks has an appreciation for things Oriental. But Orientalism does not consist in a dash of colour or a tuft of decoration; nor does it consist only in certain rhythms and undulations, the syncopated effects and plaintive undertones, for instance, that are recognizable in the music of Debussy and Tchaikowsky. It is more in the supreme calm of the spirit,—more in the religious and ethical traditions of the Orient, which are the headspring of the artist's inspiration. It is not possible to paint a New York scene, for instance, in an Oriental manner, without being unintelligible, or fantastic and grotesque.

A landscape is different. Nature everywhere has the same message for the artist. But an Occidental woman feeding a parrot,—one of Luks' canvases entitled, I think, *The Woman and the Macaws*,—the woman done in sombre tones, the parrot in glowing reds and greens, can not by any stretch of the imagi-

nation be mistaken for an Oriental inspiration. The execution, at least, betrays the artist, who, no matter how deeply sensitive to Oriental effects, is still bound to a technique and style that are essentially European.

There is no doubt that Luks is an artist of rare power. He paints with a passion, impetuously and, on the whole, spontaneously. He prays, one would say, as well as profanes; but he never drools. He beats his canvases with the brush, threatens them with the knife;—he subjects them, in the process of creation, to some rather rough handling. A picture of his in embryo is not a sketch, but a symbol of the nebular hypothesis. He can close his eyes and discover in the chaos a new rhythm, but seldom a new pigment. For in his sombre but resonant tones, the blues and greens, in most striking values, seem to be always struggling for supremacy and almost always prevail. This is his chromatic cachet.

George Luks knows his strength and revels in it. But the profound emotional forces are seldom reached, or are only suggested. The sentimentalities and the moralities, he avoids. Like Cézanne, he is pre-eminently a builder. His sense of form and his sense of colour are crude but virile. He does not give a rap if Society shudders at his canvases. *Tant pis* for Society. He only cares for Art—and George Luks. Thus, his devotion is still divided. The pride of performance still interferes with his artistic faculties. He has not reached the impersonal and objective heights of Cézanne, although some of his canvases evince a scheme of composition.

Above all things that he values in a picture is quality. The word comes trippingly on his tongue. It punctuates his criticisms and appreciations. But what does quality consist of? He might have answered the question with one word. But that would be echoing Whistler; and he would echo no predecessor or contemporary. I make another affirmation, namely: Luks stands alone. But here is a strange sub-conscious phenomenon. While Bellows insists that a picture, after all is said, is a question of construction, a harmonious grouping, and Luks sets all value upon "quality," the work of the former is more symphonic, of the latter is more architectural.



## Luks and Bellows

Does quality, therefore, consist in composition? There is more than mere composition in the work of Cézanne. Does it consist in technique? There is more than technique in the work of Childe Hassam. Does it consist in what is called texture, in colour effects of graining and enamelling? There are other things beside these in the canvases of Monet. Does it consist in the effect of distance, the veiled perspective, the fiery undulations, the opulence that seems to develop between the articulations of form? These are not the only elements of charm in Renoir. Indeed, there is something intangible, indefinable, but not detachable from the qualities mentioned, that characterize the work of these masters. Call it quality, call it genius, call it intuitive æstheticism, call it brains; and still the most gifted in insight and expression remains bewildered. Indeed, the most lucid intelligence stands baffled before a real masterpiece. We are captivated, fascinated, as the bird is by a snake, but don't know exactly why.

Luks' group of painter's sketches, done in Paris about twenty years ago—landscapes and café scenes—are among the best of his achievements. The inspiration is real, the execution, direct and simple; the atmosphere, often charming, the feeling is tenderly poetic. They certainly have quality. And although done in sombre tones,—the olive greens and beryl blues must have haunted him from his early days, only then they expressed tenderness, now they express power,—there is a resonance and mellowness in these little sketches that are suggestive and evocative.

If he has abandoned the lyric strain, however, he has shown, in some of his recent canvases, a predilection for the symbolical, which should offset his intellectual energy. His *Round Houses at High Bridge* and his *Cupids* thus represent him in two distinct moods and styles. The one done in pensive, calm greys, with a slightly sable column of smoke rising from the round houses to the sky, blending with it, is a fine achievement in impressionism. The New York atmosphere at dusk is unmistakable. His intellect, in this canvas, which is so different from his other work, has made a concession to his emotions. And his emotions, in *Cupids*, have made a concession

to the classic symbol. This canvas is done in brilliant colours and a quaint technique. The daubs of red and green on a yellow surface are fugacious but converging. They follow each other, hovering around the cupids, like the golden notes in a fugue.

The inspiration in the former canvas is found on the shores of the Hudson; the inspiration in the latter is made to serve a new version of an old idea plucked from the mythology of the Greeks. The idea is anacreontic, the conception is Goyesque; but the treatment, though quite characteristic of Luks, marks a departure in his work. There is nothing more fatuous in criticism, however, than the tendency of finding prototypes, of tracing sources of technique and inspiration. True, we sometimes succeed in shedding a little light upon a picture, and in giving the public a tongue and an eye for a better appreciation; but too often, alas, we yield to an impulse that makes our learning, though honestly pursued and achieved, seem but vain.

There is the picture, *Round Houses*, for instance—an individual achievement. What matters if it suggests the Twachtman manner or the Whistler technique? It will live, I dare say, as long as Whistler's *Battersea Bridge*. Personally, while I recognize the distinct qualities of *Round Houses*, I am not partial to these symphonies in grey. I have a penchant for colour. And if the atmosphere must be vague and nebular, I prefer it in the Monet mood.

That is why I prefer Luks' *Cupids*. The idea itself, aside from the singing tones in the picture, is full of suggestive gaiety and humour. Is it the Tree of Life, one asks, or the Tree of Love, or the Tree of Contentment? There are cupids frolicking on the branch; they hang not by their tails, to be sure, although they suggest in their wings and roughly outlined features a simian evolution. And there are other cupids wrestling on the grass, or fighting, or trysting, or just loafing in the crepuscular shades of an anacreontic dream. Here is symbol and power and delicacy in a single canvas. Here is the elemental in an Elysian rhapsody as well as a quaint classic humour.



## *The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas*

THE SCULPTURAL ART OF  
ALBERT P. LUCAS  
BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

CONSIDERABLE attention is being paid just at present to the artistic creations of Albert P. Lucas. Tardy indeed has been the recognition which America has accorded to this talented artist whose works have already received marked attention abroad,—works which we regard as among the most important and original productions of our day. We feel safe in declaring that for richness of colour effects, for accuracy of drawing, for absolute mastery of the technique of light and shade, for poetic rendering of every manner of delicate atmospheric effect, for depth of feeling, and for beauty of symbolism, Lucas has few equals and no superiors among living American artists. This is great praise we submit, but its proof is manifest in the possession of a vast number of charming works to be found in the studio of the artist on upper Broadway.

So much for Lucas the painter, in which field he is best known. As a painter, his works have been exhibited in the Paris salons as well as in several other European exhibitions. But it is as a sculptor that we are here concerned. Few who realize his genius as a wielder of the brush are aware that Lucas is equally at home with the clay and the modelling tool. This is, however, a fact.

Lucas belongs to that small but growing class of artists who declare that the highest artistic endeavour can be best attained by those who practise more than one form of art and who work in more than one medium. A study of the paintings of Lucas will discover that in his rendering of the human form there is unmistakable statuesque quality. His works both in painting and in sculpture furnish ample evidence that he is a thorough master of the knowledge of human anatomy.

For twenty years Lucas lived abroad, where he studied under some of the foremost masters of French painting, but he was also a devoted pupil of A. Ingelbart, a sculptor, who gave to the young American artist most hearty encouragement. It is this intimate

knowledge of modelling as well as drawing which gives to all the works of Lucas an unique and individual character.

The accompanying four works of sculpture have been chosen from among his works because they represent the high quality of Lucas's work in plastic art and also because they illustrate to an extraordinary degree the wide range of his artistic thought.

*Ecstase*—In this beautiful bust we have a fine intellectual type of womanhood, whose face bears the exalted expression of one who has been lifted through prayer or the contemplation of some lofty theme into the very highest realm of human thought. The expressive eyes look outward and slightly upward into space. Like the Madonna San Sisto she looks away beyond one,—beyond the present, into the wide vistas of the future, and the observer is constrained to wonder what she beholds in that far-away ecstatic vision. This work in marble may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art where for some seven years it occupied a commanding place.

*The American Girl*—In the *American Girl* the artist has given us an unique work of art. It represents a girl belonging to no particular racial type. She is possessed of the characteristics of many races. This work resembles a composite photograph in having suggestions of many different persons. Such is an American indeed! The typical American, if there ever comes to be such, will be made up out of the admixture of many foreign elements. One may thus detect Celtic, Teutonic, Sclavonic and Roman features in this remarkable ensemble and yet so cleverly blended as to give to the work what is perhaps the nearest approach to an American type hitherto created. The nose is slightly *retroussé* indicating the teachable character of our people. The neck and throat are beautifully modelled. The whole work is possessed of regal grace which makes the American girl well bred even when bred in the homely environment of our western world,—a lovable yet queenly creature fitted to adapt herself equally well to the simple duties of domestic life or to the more exacting demands of a public career.

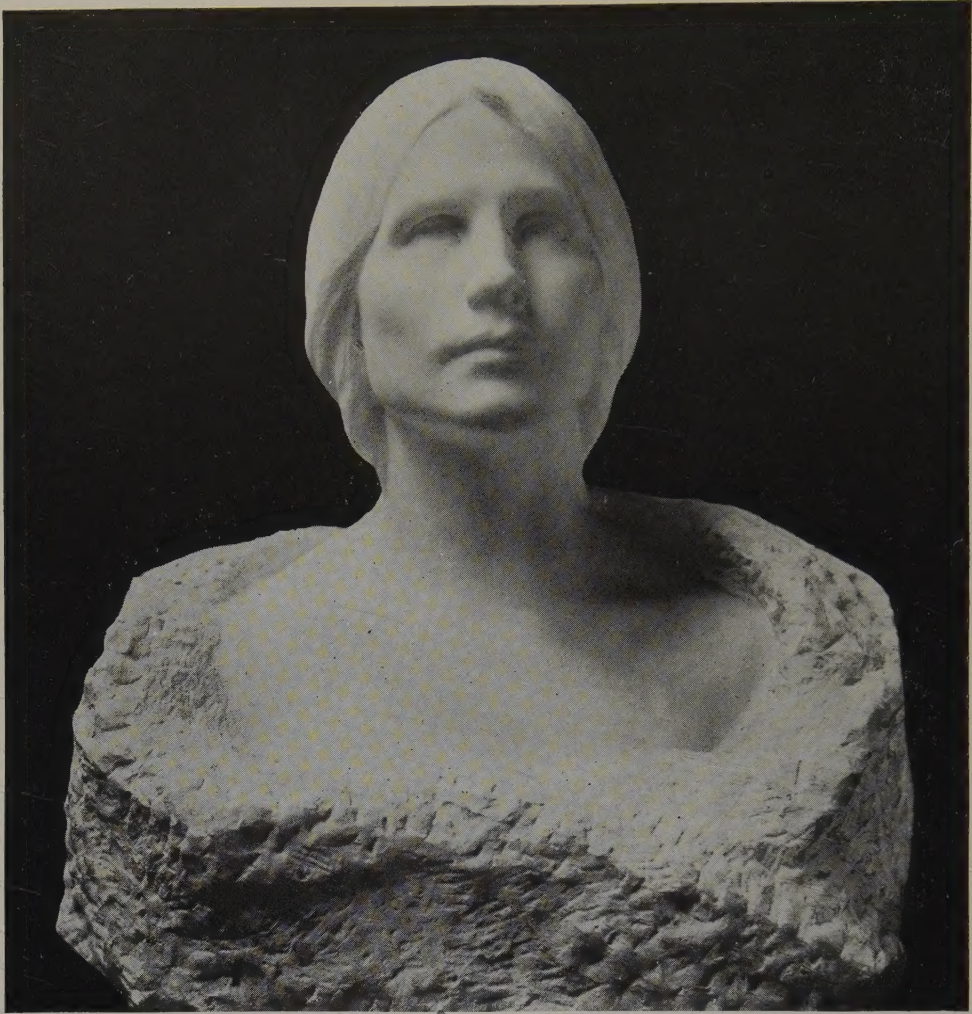




THE AMERICAN GIRL  
BY ALBERT P. LUCAS



## *The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas*



*In the Metropolitan Museum, New York*

ECSTASE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

*The Laughing Faun*—This charming figure was designed for a fountain in one of the beautiful country estates in Maine. In its original setting, that laughing faun stands upon a rock in the centre of a little lake in a quiet forest glade. The artist has accomplished what he set out to do, namely, to produce a portrait of superabundant mirth. It is a joyous creature, just what a faun of old was supposed to be. To represent anything so evanescent as laughter must be an exceedingly difficult task. To put such ephemeral ideas into permanent form is one of the questionable artistic undertakings. Lessing has discussed this in his classic critique "The Laocoön." Lucas has accomplished this feat in the

*Laughing Faun*. The strange little creature laughs on incessantly and when one sees the beautiful figure perched there on the rock in the midst of the placid waters of the little lake, with the music of the falling water as an accompaniment, he seems to be laughing in very truth.

*Sambo*—The negro has never been popular as a theme for the sculptor's art. If represented at all, he has usually been employed as a mere accessory to some more dignified work of sculpture. Such is the kneeling negro which appears in Thomas Ball's four Emancipation groups. Such are the pedestal figures on J. Q. A. Ward's Beecher Monument in Brooklyn and in George E. Bissell's Lincoln statue in Edin-



## *The Sculptural Art of Albert P. Lucas*

the very highest realm of sculptural art. Albert P. Lucas has executed what is probably the very best portrait of an African hitherto produced. The surface modelling is excellent. It is a speaking likeness. This unique creation was much admired by Saint Gaudens by whose direction it was given place at the entrance of the American section of the Exposition where it was exhibited in 1900.



SAMBO

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

borough, Scotland. Nevertheless it is significant that the black man has been depicted in some of the greatest sculptures in America,—and in a way which proves him to be not unworthy as a theme for the sculptor's chisel. Macmonnies has rendered a splendid negro figure in one of the tremendous groups on the Brooklyn Memorial Arch. Saint Gaudens in the Shaw Memorial in Boston, a masterpiece,—perhaps his greatest masterpiece,—has paid signal honour to the negro race. Daniel Chester French has symbolized Africa at the entrance of the New York Custom House in a group so imposing that it invests the Negro race with dignity and lifts the Ethiopian into



THE LAUGHING FAUN

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS



## Modern Masters at the Pennsylvania Academy

Albert P. Lucas has a well-defined artistic creed which is betrayed in all his works. Whether in painting or in sculpture, Lucas stands for the expression of beauty, the beauty which invests all nature. He strives to elevate rather than to draw down. He has absolutely no use for the vulgarity which so often displays itself in so-called *art*. He scorns it. He utterly refuses to cater to it. As a painter of the nude in all its beauty, Lucas stands supreme, but for mere nakedness he has no use whatever. We hope soon to enjoy the pleasure of seeing more of the creations of this remarkable artist in the museums and art galleries of America. The enthusiastic appreciation which was accorded to Lucas in France can not fail to find an echo here in the land of his birth.

## MODERN MASTERS AT THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY

THE paintings and drawings by representative modern masters shown at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia from April 17 to May 9 formed one of the most important exhibitions of work by this group that has ever been seen in the United States.

The earlier men, very "modern" in their day and still to be reckoned with in the new movement, were fully represented by Courbet (6), Manet (19), Daumier (3), and Whistler (3). By the last named there were two little known, full-length canvases—*Chelsea Girl* lent by Mrs. W. Plunket Stewart and *The White Woman* lent by John Braun.



INTERLUDE

BY WALTER MAC-EWEN



## Modern Masters at the Pennsylvania Academy

An entire room was devoted to paintings and etchings by Mary Cassatt. There were some of the early portraits, rather hard and tight, *In the Theatre* lent by Mrs. Edgar Scott which shows more interesting handling, and then a number of the more recent colourful compositions of mother and child.

Fourteen examples by Paul Cézanne gave an opportunity to study his various moods and methods—oil, water colour, lithography—in the handling of landscapes, figures, and still life. By Degas there was the strong portrait of Manet and a number of his delicate pastels of dancers. Renoir was represented by the *Landscape at Beaulieu* dated 1893, the well-known *Girl with Falcon* lent by Miss Anne Thompson, the typical *After the Bath* and numerous lithographs, seventeen examples in all. The seven drawings by Rodin were of great interest and other well known names included Albert Besnard, Claude Monet with sixteen important landscape and still life subjects, Berthe Morisot, Pissarro, Sisley and Seurat.

The very modern school, including the so-called "cubists," was represented by characteristic examples of the work of Maurice Denis (1), André Derain (9), D. Galanis (3), Roger de la Fresnaye (3), Paul Gauguin (4), Albert Gleizes (4), Toulouse Lautrec (15 including several lithographs), Marie Lawrencin (5), Fernand Leger (1), M. Maillol (2), Henri Matisse who was extremely well represented with 19 examples including a number of drawings, H. Moret (1), Francis Picabia (2), Pablo Picasso (20), Odillon Redon (5 lithographs and a *Bouquet*), Diego Rivera (4), Gino Severini (3), M. Vuillard (6 lithographs), Jacque Villon (1), and S. MacDonald Wright (3).

Those who did not see this exhibition have missed an opportunity to know and appreciate the modern French school of painting. Most of the works were lent by private collectors and therefore are seldom accessible to the public. It was unfortunate that advance publicity was not given, otherwise Philadelphia would, for a time, have been the Mecca of all who want to see and enjoy good work and who wish to be posted regarding modern tendencies.

FLORENCE N. LEVY.



*At the Knoedler Galleries,  
Summer Exhibition, 1920.*

PORTRAIT OF ADA FORMAN IN HER JAVANESE  
PALACE DANCE

Frank B. A. Linton first studied with Thomas Eakins, in Philadelphia, and then spent five years in Paris in the atelier of Gérôme and Bonat at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, afterwards with Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens and Bougereau at the Académie Julien. Mr. Linton is an annual exhibitor at the Paris Salon and in 1913 was elected a member of the Société des Beaux Arts. He exhibits at all the prominent exhibitions in this country and had the distinction of having a one-man show at the Corcoran Galleries in Washington, in 1917.



## Book Reviews

### BOOK REVIEW.

**B**THE FINE ARTS OF PHOTOGRAPHY,  
by Paul L. Anderson. (J. B. Lip-  
pincott Co.)

FOR a good many years, now, photography has occupied an undefined position in the minds of most people, and the reason is not far to seek. The peculiar status has been largely the fault of its best friends, together with the best friends of painting, and the large body of the public which subsists on labels.

The other words, photography's best friends (among whom may certainly be numbered the author of the above book) have insisted that photography is an art. Painting's best friends, on the other hand, jealous of a means of expression fast becoming too fine to be ignored and always too "technical" to be understood, insisted with equal vigour that photography is *not* an art. The larger part of the public, to whom "art" means painting, and nothing else, not even sculpture or architecture, has refused to admit the photographer's contention, but failed to get an answer from the artist to the plain question: "Well, if it *isn't* Art, what is it, exactly?"

There is no "yes" or "no" answer. If photography is an art, so are many other processes not commonly so regarded. If it is not an art, it unquestionably attains, in its higher development, results which embody all the essentials of art. The answer is that probably the premises of both photographer and artist are wrong, and the deadlock has come from the fundamental error of trying to compose the two media of expression. Tapestries were never intelligently appreciated until people got over the mistake of looking at them as woven paintings. The point is, that they are two distinct and different things, with nothing in common but their purpose and result. All of which discussion of status, if true, may help both photographer and painter to enjoy each other's work, and mutually learn many inspiring truths. And the public may get over its tendency to look at a photograph as though it were a queer, monotone painting, and a painting as though it were an inaccurate, but colourful photograph. There

is plenty of room in the world for both photographs and paintings.

Mr. Anderson's book concerns itself with the artistic possibilities of the camera rather than with its technical problem, and endeavours, to teach the photographer the artists' point of view in such considerations as Composition, Values, Suggestion and Mystery, Landscape Work, Winter Work, Landscape with Figures, Genre, Illustration, Architectural Work, Portraiture and so forth, illustrated by many remarkable examples of these different kinds of picture.

One picture by Clarence H. White possesses qualities nothing short of pre-Raphaelite, while other illustrations are taken from the work of such recognized masters of photography as Lejaren Hiller, Annie Brigman and Gertrude Käsebier.

THE JOKE ABOUT HOUSING. Charles Harris Whittaker. (Marshall Jones Company, Boston.)

Notwithstanding it is a little disturbing to have a 233-page book on a serious subject, decently bound in boards, in respectable blue cloth, handed to one as a "joke," it must be conceded at once that the author had actually made one of the most significant and fundamental contributions to the current literature on the housing problem.

He deals with the subject essentially from the sociological angle, with especial reference to Land Control. The titles of the first two chapters—"Why Do We Have Houses?" and "The House and the Home—a World Problem"—give some idea of the treatment of the subject. "Houses and Wages" is a chapter affording much material for thought, but the author does not keep his readers entirely in the realm of conjecture and theory, as is too often the case in this sort of book. In Chapter VI he points out many interesting possibilities in "What Are the Possible Ways out of the Dilemma in Housing" and in Chapter VIII he becomes admirably specific under the title "What to Do."

There are many who, after reading Mr. Whittaker's illuminating thesis, will maintain that the solution of the housing problem,



## Book Reviews

which at present is so increasingly an arduous burden to the individual in our theoretically free country, lies in the millennium. Many reforms and improvements, thus regarded, will continue to lie in the millennium if they are so regarded. Why not bring the millennium nearer by addressing ourselves to the solving of such vital reforms and improvements in our sociological fabric as are involved in The Housing problem?

THE HOUSING BOOK. Compiled by William P. Comstock. (The William T. Comstock Co., New York.)

The thing that is commonly alluded to as "The Housing Problem" is really two problems, and the sooner each is distinguished from the whole, the more quickly will much-needed housing developments reach some kind of fruition.

The housing problem is as much a sociological one as it is an architectural one, and the latter is more readily soluble than the former. Before the war, but more conspicuously during the war, architects gave ample demonstration of their readiness and ability to design great quantities of small houses of varying costs with noteworthy merit both in individual design and group arrangement.

In Mr. Comstock's compilation of a considerable number of examples of housing projects, there is an infinite range in the types of houses shown, and a wealth of suggestion not only for industrial housing problems, but for the real-estate developer and the individual house-builder as well. It is at once apparent from the illustrations that much neighbourhood planning in suburban real-estate developments should properly be handled by competent architects, so that some sort of unity and coherence of plan might be attained.

That so little co-ordination in building projects is the rule brings in at once the second and more difficult phase of the housing problem—the sociological phase. This, in a word, finds its greatest difficulty in the inherent disinclination of human beings in numbers agreeing to do things together. Capital and groups of dwellers fail to agree on co-opera-

tive building projects, and the group in turn is too often torn by internal disagreements and prejudices.

If, for example, forty families, about to build on a new real-estate development, could agree to have the whole group of houses developed and arranged by an able architect, each would get a better house than his same expenditure alone could secure him, and each and all would benefit from living in a harmoniously and agreeably planned environment.

PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA: 1920. (Tennant and Word.)

As though to offer a splendid illustrated supplement to Mr. Anderson's book, we have the year book of the Pictorial Photographers of America, in which appear a hundred finely printed examples of all the various types of photographs he describes, and many others besides. Certainly one thing is apparent from a study of the varied photographs comprised in this year book—that photographic talent and ability are not confined to a limited coterie of practitioners in any one part of the country. From California, from Maryland, Portland, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Illinois and other representative states come splendid examples of earnest work and high attainment.

A few, indeed, should be specially mentioned, though they are little more than typical of the high standard of the whole collection. Alwin Langdon Coburn is represented by a striking portrait of the Japanese actor, *Michio Ito*, and John Wallace Gillies by a delicate *Water Scene. Snow Pattern* in a remarkable study by E. G. Dunning, and *Eve Repentant*, by Imogen Cunningham Partridge, is one of the best figure compositions.

Reverting to the discussion, "Is Photography an Art?", this group of typical recent examples moves the reviewer to a conjecture as to the why of some artist's disdain of photography. Without suggestion of comparison, there are plenty of painters who would need to effect a conspicuous improvement in their work if they wished it to compare at all favorably with the best examples of real photography.



## Book Reviews

NOA NOA. By Paul Gauguin. (Nicholas Brown.)

That Gauguin is a writer no less than a painter this charming book proves conclusively. It purports to describe Gauguin's first visit to the South Sea, and commences in the form of a journal. But Gauguin is more a poet than a diarist, and his book reads like a romance. The title "Noa Noa" (fragrant) conveys its atmosphere. It is a prose-poem, a Tahitian rhapsody.

Gauguin soon tired of the artificial would-be European life at Papeete and went to live in the heart of the island, right away from civilization. At first his neighbours were inclined to be shy, but curiosity soon conquered and his painting was greatly admired. Gauguin comments ironically on their attitude towards him as a useful member of society. "One must be . . . a savage or a child,

---must one not?—to imagine that an artist might be a *useful human being*."

Gauguin found complete happiness with his thirteen-year-old wife, although he found it difficult at first to adapt his mind to the Oriental mentality. But eventually he became so soaked in the Maori superstitions that he could not resist a certain doubt of his wife's fidelity because the hook caught in the fish's lower jaw.

The book is illustrated with ten reproductions of Gauguin's work including the *Girl With Fruit-dish* and *Girl With Fan*, which may be taken as representative of the best in his later phase. It is a pity that more care was not taken with the reproductions. The paper is very poor. The book was worthy of better treatment in this respect.

The translation is good.

## A FRASER MEDAL



Through the courtesy of Mr. J. Thomson Willing we are showing obverse and reverse of the latest medal designed by James Earle Fraser, said medal being a special award of the American Institute of Graphic Arts.



## THE GLEN-COATS COLLECTION

ON the second of this month there was sold at Messrs. Christie's a collection of pictures from the London residence of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Bart. These pictures included some portraits of the Early English School and an interesting series of modern French and Dutch paintings. If somewhat restricted as regards numbers, the quality of many of the works was such as to give distinction to the collection and to reveal the sound judgment of the owner. Of the portraits the most important, as well as the most arresting, was Raeburn's *Sarah, second wife of General Norman McLeod of McLeod*, and daughter of N. Stackhouse, of Bombay (p. 165). This canvas possesses charm and beauty, and well displays the great Scottish painter's keen perception of feminine grace and character and his admirable technique. The modelling of the features and general brushwork may lack the precise square touch of some of his later portraits, but he has expressed, with keen and comprehensive vision and masterly reticence, the quiet beauty and dignity of his sitter. This delightful example of Raeburn's art was at one time in the collection at Dun-

vegan Castle, and was exhibited at the French Gallery, London, in 1911.

Included in the five works ascribed to Reynolds were three portraits of Miss Theophila Palmer (afterwards Mrs. Gwatkin), second daughter of John Palmer, of Torrington. Romney's portrait of Miss Frances Elizabeth Sage, the only daughter of Isaac Sage, was painted for her uncle, Dr. Whalley, of Mendip Lodge, Somerset, and remained in the family until nearly the end of the nineteenth century. Mention should also be made of Hoppner's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Augustus Phipps, in a brown dress, with gauze scarf. She was the eldest daughter of Peter Thellusson, of Brodsworth Hall, Yorkshire, and married the Hon. Augustus Phipps, the younger son of the first Baron Mulgrave, in 1792. She died in 1834. This portrait was exhibited at Burlington House in 1912.

Two well-known works by Wilkie, *The Cottar's Saturday Night* and *The Bride at her Toilet on the Day of her Wedding*, showed the Scottish painter's competent draughtsmanship, happy sense of composition, and skill in the portrayal of the life and character of his country. Amongst the remaining works by British artists was a drawing by Fred Walker of his famous



"THE RIVER." BY  
C. F. DAUBIGNY





"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"  
BY J. B. C. COROT

*Harbour of Refuge*. This version, measuring  $21\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $35\frac{1}{2}$  inches, was, until 1908, in the collection of Mr. R. E. Tatham. Amongst the most notable works in the collection were the two landscapes by Corot, *The Edge of the Wood* and *The River Meadows*. The former, which is shown on this page, is a fine example of the most alluring phase of Corot's art, and illustrates those qualities which give to his work its particular charm—poetry, rhythm, tranquillity, harmonious colouring, and soft gradation of tones. *The River Meadows* (reproduced in colour in "The Landscapes of Corot") is more broadly handled and more characteristic in composition and general treatment, while its varied and beautiful tones form a delightful symphony of colour. There is, too, a freshness and

spontaneity about this canvas which will appeal to those who have a real love of nature. Somewhat similar in composition is the small panel by Diaz called *The Fisherman*, but it is darker in tone and lacks the delightful colour harmonies of the two landscapes by Corot just mentioned. At the same time it is an attractive canvas, as will be seen by the reproduction on page 166. Daubigny was represented by a rather unusual composition called *The River* (p. 163). It is undoubtedly a direct transcript from nature, and as an example of the artist's skill in the rendering of atmospheric effects it is interesting. In looking at this work it is easy to understand the influence of Daubigny on many of the present-day landscapists, both English and French. A rocky landscape by





PORTRAIT OF MRS. McLEOD  
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.



## THE GLEN-COATS COLLECTION

Troyon, called *The Fisherman*, was also included among the Barbizon pictures. Reference should be made here to a canvas by Georges Michel, *The Wood-Gatherer*, for this artist was one of the forerunners of modern French landscape painting and among the first to break away from classicism and seek inspiration from nature. *The Wood-Gatherer* was formerly in the Staats Forbes collection. By Harpignies, the last survivor of the Barbizon group, who died in 1916, were two admirable landscapes, both of which are reproduced here (p. 167). *La Vallée*, a large composition, more broadly treated than some of the artist's more characteristic works, reveals his power to express in his pictures the spirit of nature. Equally impressive is the evening scene, *The Bridge of St. Pierre*, with its simple stone bridge and trees reflected in the tranquil waters. ▯ ▯

Four works by that master of colour, Monticelli, were included amongst the French pictures, two of which are shown here (pp. 168-9). It is, of course, impossible to suggest in monotone the wonderful

chords of colour which the artist strikes in these weird and gorgeous compositions. The figures are suggested rather than drawn, for Monticelli paid little attention to draughtsmanship; but they fall naturally into the pattern and give some indication of the theme which has inspired the artist.

For subtle beauty no picture in the collection surpassed the small canvas, *The Young Cook*, by Matthew Maris, in which is seen a young girl, in pink bodice and white apron, holding in her hand a saucepan and gazing dreamily before her. This simple motive the artist has interpreted in the spirit of the poet, and he has informed the scene with a beauty which is irresistible in its appeal. Refinement of vision, delightful colour harmony, original technique one expects to find in the work of Matthew Maris. All these qualities are wonderfully displayed in this small masterpiece. Amongst the drawings was another example of the art of Matthew Maris, *The Enchanted Wood*, one of those ethereal and mysterious compositions in which he gave expression to his imagination. ▯





# THE GLEN-COATS COLLECTION



"LA VALLÉE." BY  
H. HARPIGNIES

In the rendering of a vaporous atmosphere and a stormy sky James Maris had no equal since Constable. For proof of this statement we have only to look at the view of *Dordrecht* (p. 170), painted in the artist's broadest and most virile style. The arrangements for this sale were carried out by Mr. D. Croal Thomson, of Barbizon House.



"THE BRIDGE OF ST. PIERRE"  
BY H. HARPIGNIES





"IN THE WOODS." BY  
A. T. J. MONTICELLI





"UNDER THE TREES"  
BY A. T. J. MONTICELLI



## MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION



"DORDRECHT." BY  
JAMES MARIS

### MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION. VII: PRINCE RUPERT'S PORTRAIT\*

IT cannot be stated in so many definite words that the miniature we present to our readers this month is actually a portrait of the celebrated prince whose name it bears. There is, however, considerable evidence in favour of such an assumption, and it shows a marked and striking resemblance to the accepted portraits of the eminent virtuoso, artist, warrior, and traveller. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Moreover, its history when the late Mr. Morgan acquired it was an interesting one. It came from some remote descendants of the Killigrew family, from which sprang the wit and dramatist, Thomas Killigrew, and the story was that it was a gift made to him by Prince Rupert himself in Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of the presentation, with great success, of one of Killigrew's plays at which Rupert was present. We always hesitate to reject a tradition entirely. It is generally founded on some detached fact, and it is borne out

in this case by the likeness and general character of the portrait and the well-known generosity of the prince. Be all this as it may, we have here a very fine portrait, probably by Samuel Cooper himself, certainly worthy of him, and if not his actual work, by some great painter of his period. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Of Prince Rupert we need say but little, his character is so well known. The third son of the Elector Frederick by his wife, our own English princess, so popular that she was styled The Queen of Hearts; he was born shortly after his ill-fated father had been proclaimed King of Bohemia. His portrait as a boy appears in the famous bracelet belonging to the German Emperor which at one time contained portraits of all the family by Alexander Cooper, brother of Samuel. His dates were 1619-1682, his renown that of a chemist, the inventor of "Prince Rupert's drops" and other curiosities; an engraver, the first important one to use the new art of mezzotinting and to improve and render it all-powerful in his hands; a collector; lover of the stage, and one who was popular with every person whom he met. He was also a sailor and vice-admiral, and he lies in Westminster Abbey. He was never married,

\* The previous articles in this series appeared in our issues of November and December 1914, October 1915, July 1916, July 1917, and August 1918.





PORTRAIT, SUPPOSED TO BE  
OF PRINCE RUPERT BY  
SAMUEL COOPER. FROM THE  
MINIATURE IN THE PIERPONT  
MORGAN COLLECTION.







## JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

but his mistress, Margaret Hughes, was a player in one of Killigrew's companies, and a favourite of that caustic old wit.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

Then of Killigrew, what shall be said? Will it not be remembered that he threatened his King that he would go to hell and fetch back Oliver Cromwell as he knew a king who could *not* rule his people, and was not rebuked for his impertinent candour! Was it not he also who in flippant mood declared that Louis XIV and the Pope were the two Thieves between whom Our Lord was crucified, but whose names he had not hitherto known?   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

The son of Sir Robert Killigrew, he began life as page to Charles I, and finished it as Groom of the Chambers to his successor, and Chamberlain to the Queen. He was born in 1612, he married twice and died in 1683, and if here we have a treasure he once owned and the portrait of a prince he loved to serve, we have in it a relic of two noble men, eminent in their countries' history and art, and if, furthermore, we couple them by the addition of Samuel Cooper's name, the miniature can boast of no common interest, and is a treasure of unusually high value and of interest quite exceptional and noteworthy.

G. C. WILLIAMSON

### JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER. BY JOHN CURNOS.   ♦

I HAVE deliberately chosen the above title for the following consideration of Epstein's art. After a long and persistent struggle, there are but few left to detract from the artist's craftsmanship; his busts are now almost universally proclaimed to be masterpieces of the first quality, rare in any age. To judge, however, from the storm of hostility which his symbolic figure, *The Christ*, has aroused in critical and lay circles, it is clear that artistic history repeats itself, and that, like Rodin before him, Epstein must fight his artist's battle all over again. It will be remembered how, at the beginning of his career, the French sculptor was under the necessity of proving to his detractors that he was, in

every sense of the word, the creator of the figure, *The Age of Bronze*; while, later in his career, his symbolic figure of *Balzac* aroused hardly less protest than now Epstein's *Christ*. Now, as then, violent objection is raised against the artist's conception of his character; while conceding to the artist his art, the critics question his right to philosophize, to re-create a historical character after his own way of thinking, and in a mould not commonly accepted. This particular aspect of the



"THE CHRIST." BY  
JACOB EPSTEIN

## JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

problem were, perhaps, a fitter subject for the pen of some discerning student of hard psychology; nevertheless, I am often left to wonder how far the general public, through its susceptibility to suggestion, is cajoled and hypnotized by the newspaper critics into believing a work of art to be good or bad, either in conception or execution; and how the same public would regard a given work of art, if left to itself, without the mediation of the critic. I am inclined to think that this *Christ* of Epstein's would benefit in the public's eyes, if the critics were not there to obscure the figure. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

With the same deliberation, therefore, that I have chosen the title, I venture to make the assertion that the author of the *Christ* figure is not only the greatest artist of our age, but that no artist is so integrally representative of our age. Every great artist is, of necessity, a philosopher, in the sense that he is a lover of knowledge, and strives to express this knowledge in forms compatible with his art. In Dostoevsky's sense—"I philosophize like a poet"—Epstein is, surely, a philosopher. An examination of the conditions in which such a work as the *Christ* may have been created will either bear out the assertion that Epstein is a sculptor-philosopher, or that he is neither one nor the other; for there can be no more foolish assumption than that a man has produced a great piece of sculpture without realizing his own spiritual, poetic—or if you like, philosophic—conception of his subject. Goethe's dictum that a great artist is ruled by his limitations still holds good. A sincere artist chooses a subject suited to his technique; and he suits his technique to his subject. It is erroneous to suppose—and it is too late in the day to formulate such a supposition—that a plastic artist is necessarily limited by a purely visual imagination; if he have thoughts, if he have emotions, whether they be the result of actual or of intellectual experience, or of both, they will surely become a part of the texture of his art, and inevitably merge in and become one with his final expression. Great art is always combination; it is a series of relations; and in so far as the interrelation is successfully effected, to that extent is the work a perfect artistic unity.

Only when one quantity of the many predominates or ousts the others does the work become an artistic failure. Therefore, in any consideration of the *Christ*, among the factors which may be considered are the following:

The subject: Christ.

The subject's time: after Golgotha.

The artist: Jacob Epstein.

The artist's time: After the Great War.

Here are four leading factors, by no means all, which require looking into, first of all separately; then, whether the finished work of art embodies them in a harmonious unit. Criticism demands of a work of this kind, character, truth, traditional values; and although it asks for a faithful interpretation which will satisfy the historical sense, it also wants this interpretation to synchronize with our own time. Again, while it must be satisfied that the subject is Christ, it will not remain content with that, but desires that this work shall be expressed through the personal temperament of the artist. A careful study of these factors should convince any one that an artistic conception of a his-



"LILLIAN SHELLEY"  
BY JACOB EPSTEIN



## JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER



"MRS. JACOB EPSTEIN"  
BY JACOB EPSTEIN

torical character like Christ is not the simple matter that some people suppose it to be, and that an honest artist who undertakes the achievement, unless he imitate other men's work, must have some philosophical basis of his own upon which to build his work.     ♦     ♦     ♦     ♦

The artist, it is to be supposed, begins his work by going to the Gospels. Let us assume that he had been reading the Gospels for years, long before he had contemplated making his statue; that the idea, taking seed, grew up slowly, gradually, both consciously and subconsciously; that in the course of many years it had been augmented and intensified by current historic events and personal emotional and intellectual experiences; for a great artist is an intensely sensitive instrument, which, automatically, in a manner almost clairvoyant, takes cognizance of things denied to ordinary men, and gathers to itself, as from the very air, everything that may be of use to the artist; in short, an artist wastes nothing, and everything that he has

seen, heard and felt enters directly or indirectly into his work, and helps to make the final conception and its treatment.     ♦

First of all, then, Epstein has gone to the Gospels. That is to say, he has gone to the source of his theme; and those who quarrel with him can do so only on the ground that he has gone to tradition where it began and not where it ended. To be in the tradition does not necessarily mean that the artist must borrow his conception from another artist, or get his inspiration at tenth-hand. But to take one's inspiration at the source is to be traditional in the best sense of the word. Now, if you go to the Gospels to learn about Christ and compare the astonishingly virile figure of the Book with the latter-day effeminate confections which pass as portraits of Christ, you begin to see that the discrepancy between them is as immense as the time that separates us from the original figure. To put all dogma and generalization aside, however, let us consider all the objections raised against the Epstein *Christ*,

## JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

one by one, and see how far any of them is justified.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

In the first place, it has been complained that the Christ is Semitic! Such complainants, of course, haven't a leg to stand on. Christ, of the seed of David, was certainly a Jew.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

Again, a great number of critics object to this Christ for not being perfect of feature. But in spite of Renan's vision of Christ as "the most beautiful Incarnation of God in the most beautiful of human forms," there is actually nothing in the Gospels either to confirm or refute this assumption. Working on the principle of "a healthy mind in a healthy body," Renan has simply assumed that such beautiful words as Christ's must needs come from an equally beautiful body. In actual practice, this is, of course, not so. Unfortunately for the health argument, too many of our geniuses have been neurotics. And the beauty argument is built upon no more sound foundation. If there were any truth in such logic, we should gather from a reading of Abraham Lincoln's speeches that he was at least a handsome, if not a beautiful man; whereas we know from his portraits and descriptions of him that his figure was gawky and ungainly, and that his face was what most people would regard as ugly.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

The combination of perfect beauty and characteristics such as goodness, or intellect, is of course possible, but extremely rare. Indeed, perfect beauty is almost invariably associated with cruelty, as an examination of all the well-known Apollos will show. Again, we know that men's experience has taught them to associate cruelty rather than goodness with beauty as regards women. There is another kind of beauty, which is concerned not with perfect feature, but with character and all that the word implies; and it is that kind of beauty that Epstein has sought to give his Christ. For an expression of this beauty the sculptor has had ample material in the Gospels. This question is not at all a simple one; to some degree the Christ features are dependent upon the age; Michelangelo in a pagan age has created a pagan Christ. With this aspect of the problem, the matter of time, I shall deal further.      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡      ♡

Other strictures of Epstein's Christ have been that He is "intellectual" instead of good (as if Christ were an ordinary mortal and carried His goodness on His sleeve!); that he is scornful (this for one who spoke of casting pearls before swine!); that he is a Bolshevik (it is certain that the money-changers and Caiaphas regarded him as such, in the sense that he was a rebel against the established order!). It is something of a tribute to the sculptor's genius that his statue has aroused antagonisms of a nature akin to those aroused by the original figure. After all, if Christ's goodness was so palpable to all men, the



BUST OF A LADY  
BY JACOB EPSTEIN



question remains: Why did men crucify Him? ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

The real crux of the matter is this: Epstein has tried to produce a real, human, god-like, above all a plausible Christ, a Christ capable of being crucified and of crying on the cross his great cry of despair, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"—while the Christ who has grown up in the hearts of man, behind multiple veils of time, is Christ, literally the Son of God, and as invulnerable in his divine attributes as God Himself. Such a Christ could never have been crucified. But the virtue of Epstein's Christ is precisely that he could be crucified. ▯ ▯

Now we come to what is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the problem, the unities of time:

After Golgotha.

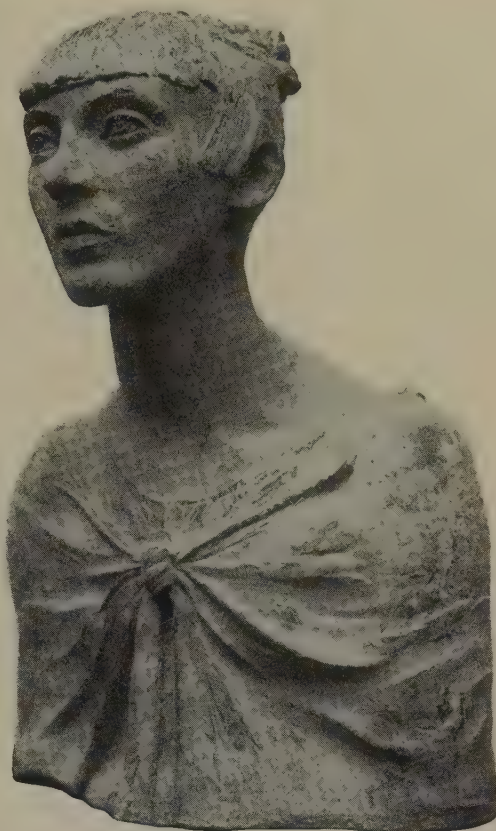
After the Great War.

The problem: the establishment of a living connexion. The sculptor's creation of an eternal Christ, a Christ eternally susceptible to crucifixion. ▯ ▯ ▯

The night at Golgotha. Imagine that terrible night. Christ on the cross, between two thieves. Christ, in pain, looking down on that sea of faces, distorted with malicious joy, seeming more like gargoyles than men. Then three days in the entombment, three days of profoundest mystery. Then His final appearance before His disciples, and His words to doubting Thomas: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed"; the moment with the whole past behind it; it was evidently just this moment that Epstein has chosen for a portrayal of his Christ. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

Then turn to the present, the devastation of Europe, Golgotha on an immense scale, the crucifixion of civilization, the crucifixion of Christianity itself. Imagine a Christ arising out of the entombment of a shell-torn earth; His profound reproach, His fierce anger, touched with scorn at the sight of what had been wrought by men professing a belief in Him; were they not also doubting Thomases of a sort? ▯

All this the sculptor has put into his statue, which is a work, surely, of its time; the first work of art which shows the more significant effects of the passion drama lately enacted in the once fertile valleys of



"Mlle GABRIELLE SOENE"  
BY JACOB EPSTEIN

Europe; but for the war, I hardly think this Christ could have come into being. ▯

The statue has, surely, had one good effect. It has set us speculating about Christ, and the precise essence of the Christ-nature. On the principle that even "the devil can quote scripture," some persons are sure to maintain that the author of this Christ is Antichrist; but unhappily for these, there will always be other stubborn persons to maintain equally, and with some logic, that there can never be any certainty as to which among those quoting the Scriptures is the devil and which the angel. ▯ ▯ ▯ ▯

It is always a thankless task to discuss the personality of a living artist; yet one point is worthy of mention in connexion with the statue—though I run the risk of annoying some persons. Epstein, like many an artist of great original genius, has

## JACOB EPSTEIN: ARTIST-PHILOSOPHER

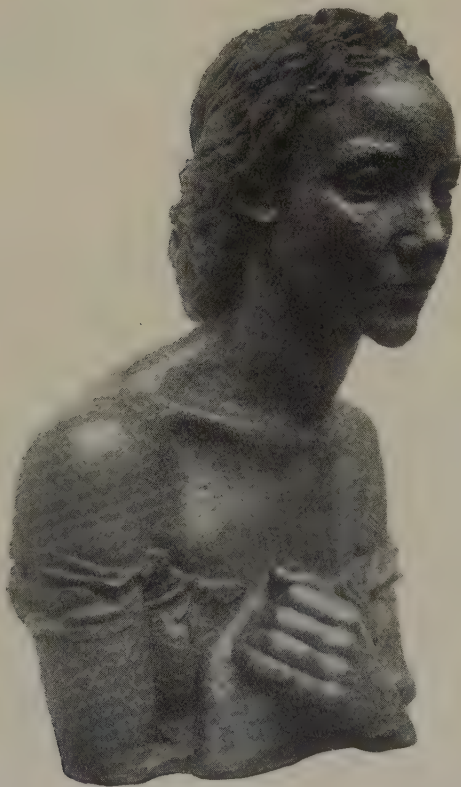
been subjected to persecution. He has been the subject of attacks ever since his statues first went up on the building of the British Medical Association in the Strand. Rodin, before him, had been subjected to similar attacks. One knew, and the other knows, what it means to want to give great gifts, greater than men are willing to receive; and to have these questioned, and even rejected. This, perhaps, enables a great artist, to some degree, to enter the psychology of the most supreme of all artists, of Him who was the greatest of all rejected. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

All these factors, then, enter into the conception of Epstein's *Christ*. ■ ■ ■

On the technical side, we find this austere theme happily wedded to an equally austere handling. The figure is built up like a pillar. Almost rigidly perpendicular, monolithic, the thing has significance as a shape, and is monumental in a sense that Rodin's work is not; you

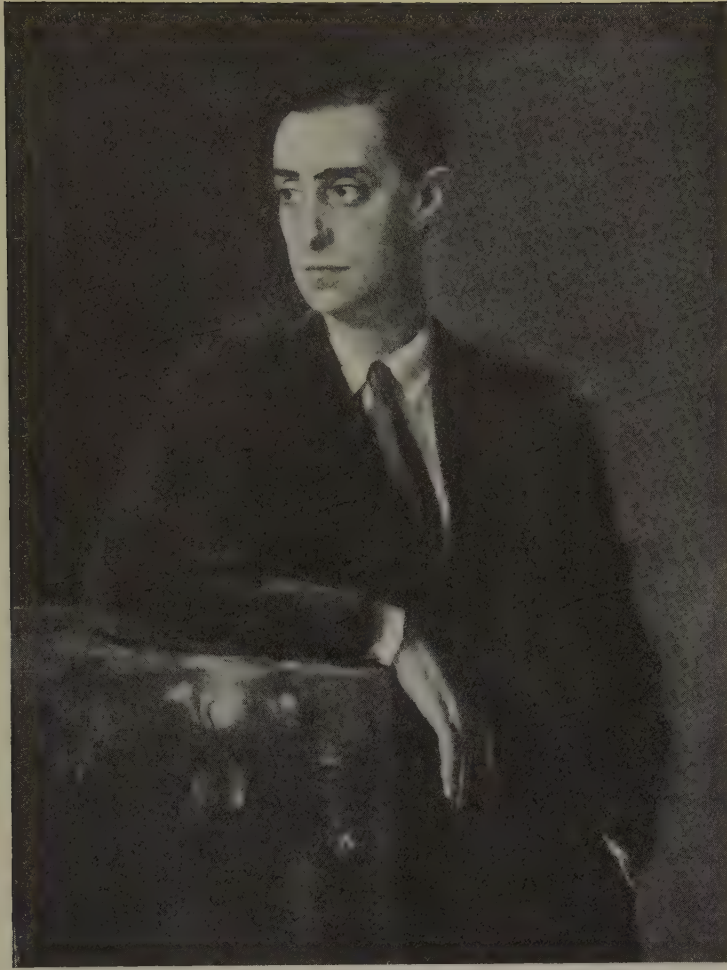
can view the statue by itself, but you can equally imagine it as falling into the structure, and forming an integral part, of a Gothic cathedral. One can also see how all of the sculptor's previous achievements have served as a preparation for this. In no earlier work has he so successfully merged abstract qualities with a sense of reality, and reconciled, as it were, art with life. Some petty criticisms have been made of the largeness of the hands and feet; but it must be borne in mind that Christ was a carpenter by trade, and that the motor-car had not yet been invented. A prophet walked the hills and valleys and crude roads of Judea on his feet, and was glad if at the journey's end he was rewarded by having his feet anointed with oil. ■ ■ ■

In spite of being portraits of real people, which, if one knows the originals, one cannot fail to recognize as precise likenesses, the sculptor's busts have a measure of abstractness hardly less marked than the figure of *The Christ*. And this abstractness, both in the decorative and the monumental sense, is the measure of the sculptor's genius. The wonder of it is that far from robbing the heads of their character, these qualities are actually used to emphasize it. Consider the head of *Gabrielle Soene* in the recent exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. There is no shirking here of the petty details of the sitter's anatomy. Every slight angle or curve, every slight contour of flesh and bone, every suggestion of a living tremor, is expressed on the subtly throbbing surfaces; the extremely sensitive character of the sitter is also apparent; and yet with all this, the portrait is an "arrangement," if you can use the word with regard to sculpture; the hair, the folds of the thin, clinging garment, the poise of the whole thing, are all merged in a very simple, austere decorative integrity. The same dignified beauty is apparent whether you look at the challenging head of Betty May, the eloquently poised *Lillian Shelley*, the exquisite feminine grace of "*Meum*" with the fan, the characterfulness of *An American Soldier*. But the secret which makes the greatness of these busts is the same as of the *Christ* figure, and that is that Life and Art are reconciled, and are one. And in this sense, these works are eternal. ■



"HÉLÈNE." BY  
JACOB EPSTEIN





"GLYN PHILPOT, ESQ., A.R.A."  
BY OSWALD BIRLEY

# THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, 1920—SOME FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.   ♦   ♦   ♦

TO the series of illustrations given in our last number of works exhibited in the current Summer Exhibition at Burlington House, we now add a few further reproductions of works to which reference was made in our review of the display. There are several more which we are unable to include now as they were not photographed before being sent to the exhibition, and cannot, therefore, appear until a later date.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦

We should mention with regard to Mr.

Cawthra's memorial included among the present illustrations, that only the figure of the angel is on view at the Academy.   ♦

Under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, the Council of the Royal Academy, in their capacity as trustees of the fund, have purchased the painting by Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., entitled *Epsom Downs : City and Suburban Day*, and one by Mr. Mark Fisher, R.A., called *Milking Time*. The former is in the current exhibition (Gallery No. 1), and was reproduced in our last issue ; the latter is not one of Mr. Fisher's contributions to the exhibition, but it has since been placed on view in the vestibule.   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦   ♦



**"ORATIO OBLIQUA"**  
**BY WALTER BAYES**  
(Copyright strictly reserved to the  
artist by Walter Judd Ltd.)





"PANTALOON." BY  
W. E. WEBSTER



**"THE CHILDHOOD OF BACCHUS"**  
**BY CHARLES SHANNON, A.R.A.**  
(Copyright strictly reserved for the artist by Walter Judd Ltd.)





"PEACE" MEMORIAL FOR PRIMITIVE  
METHODIST CHAPEL, SHIPLEY  
BY HERMON CAWTHRA, A.R.C.A.



"JUNE IN JAPAN"  
BY TAKÉ SATO  
(In the possession of  
George Murrell, Esq.)

## STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—As our frontispiece this month we give a reproduction of a delightful landscape by Mr. H. Hughes-Stanton, who was recently elected a Royal Academician after holding the rank of Associate since 1913. The new Academician, though still only in middle life—he was born in 1870—has gained an assured place among the first landscape painters of our day, and on both sides of the English Channel he is highly appreciated as an artist of deep poetic feeling and an upholder of the best traditions of the painter's craft.

The water-colours of Mr. Také Sato, which we reproduce here, are from a recent exhibition at the Burlington Gallery in Green Street, Leicester Square, which was started a year or two ago for the purpose of affording opportunities, to young artists more particularly, of showing their work

to the public. Mr. Také Sato is a native of the Shinano province of Japan, a highland region noted for its beautiful scenery. He began to study art according to native traditions early in his teens, but afterwards came in contact with an art teacher who had visited Europe and taught the Western style. Later, he studied at the Japanese Water-Colour Institute, Tokyo, and in 1914 he settled in England, pursuing his studies at the Chelsea Polytechnic School of Art. He has exhibited at the Royal Institute, the International, and other shows. He works only in water-colour; for though he has experimented with the oil medium, he has never been able to adapt himself to it, and has given it up in favour of the more fluent medium. As is almost universally the case with the artists of the Far East, the memory plays an important part in his work. The picture of North Devon cottages, for instance, was not painted direct from a given stretch of country, but conveys a memorized im-





"COTTAGES IN NORTH DEVON." FROM  
A WATER-COLOUR BY TAKE SATO.  
(BY COURTESY OF COL. SIR E. A. BROTHERTON, M.P.)







"MISAKI HARBOUR, JAPAN"  
BY TAKÉ SATO  
(In the possession of Miss Howell)

pression of a locality visited by the artist who has, however, made no attempt to reproduce literally the topographical features of the place. This North Devon picture is characteristic of the artist's work in this country, the charm of which is in no small measure due to the oriental accent which unmistakably asserts itself in it.

Mr. John Copley and his talented wife, known in the art world as Miss Ethel Gabain, are showing a collection of their recent lithographs at the gallery of Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., New Bond Street, and from this collection we reproduce on pages 189 and 190 an example of the work of each on the stone. Both artists are among the most ardent exponents of lithography as a medium of original expression, and to both is due in no small degree the prestige which this art has regained, after falling a prey to commercialism. They are both firm believers in the superiority of the stone, as compared with work done on transfer paper or zinc, and to neither of

them do the technicalities of the medium present any difficulties. To their methods reference is made by Mr. Salaman in our recent Special Number on "Modern Woodcuts and Lithographs."

The petit-point panel reproduced on page 191 is from an extraordinarily interesting collection of needlework, mostly of the Stuart period, shown recently at the establishment of Messrs. Sidney Hand, Ltd., in Grafton Street, the collection comprising not only panels like this example, but caskets, mirror frames, and other objects elaborately decorated with needlework compositions, some of them being remarkable for the wonderful diversity of technique employed in making them, including besides all manner of stitch, some very intricate beadwork, and also examples of "stump" work. That all these specimens of needlecraft have been cherished as treasures by those who have owned them throughout the intervening generations was evident from their state of preservation, most of them



"IN UYENO PARK, TOKYO"  
BY TAKÉ SATO  
(In possession of G. Murrell, Esq.)

being, save for a little fading of colour, practically as perfect as when fabricated. The favourite subjects of most of these essays in pictorial needlework—executed no doubt by ladies of gentle birth, for in those days women of all ranks gloried in achievements of the needle—were biblical incidents, and in the case of royalist partisans, King Charles I, his queen and family; of these Stuart pictures there was more than one example in the Grafton Street collection. Quaint incidents, such as that portrayed in the panel illustrated, must have been comparatively rare, for the custom of the period did not allow a maiden much latitude in the choice of a husband. Evidently this one had a mind of her own, for the two suitors on the right have failed to find favour in her eyes, and have retired discomfited. "Alase I canot," says the one in Scotch attire; "Not love but dolor," laments the other wooer, with his head resting on his hand. Of the two who are approaching the judgment seat the first appears to be confident

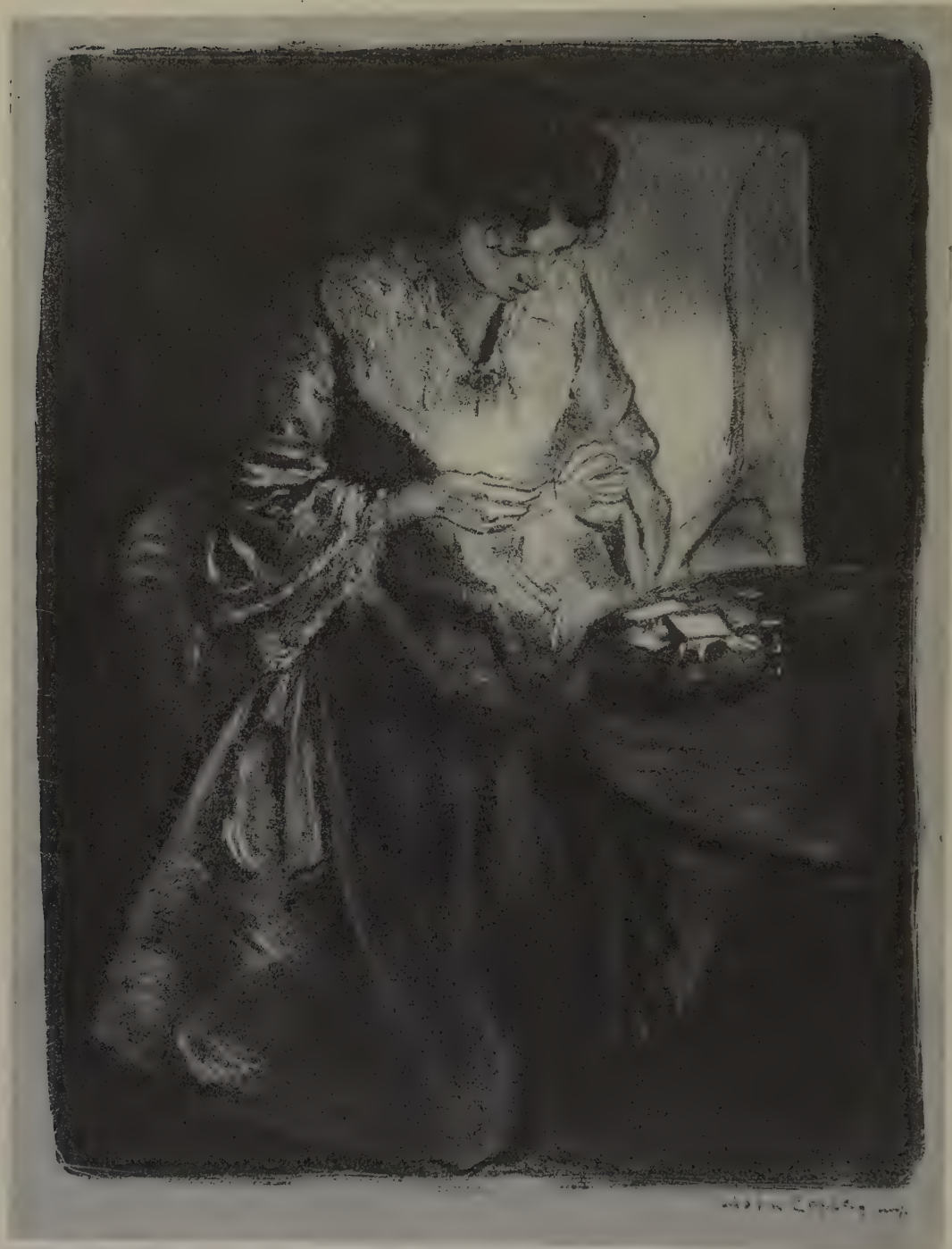
of success, for the legend relative to him says, "I hope well," while the other equally confident but more cautious, says, "Ile wait the time," and if this very delightful example of needlecraft represents a real love-story, as possibly it does, we may hazard the conjecture that this last of the four competitors was the winner.

With Mr. R. Anning Bell, A.R.A., as its President, the English Book-plate Society has been formed to promote the art of the book-plate by various means, such as publication of examples, exhibitions, co-operation with foreign societies, issue of exchange lists, etc. Membership is open to designers, engravers, collectors, and all interested in the subject, and the annual subscription is 10s. 6d. which includes all the publications of the Society. Messrs. Granville Fell, James Guthrie, Harold Nelson, Percy J. Smith, and H. J. Stock constitute the advisory committee, and Mr. Stuart Guthrie is the honorary secretary, to whom applications for membership should be sent, addressed





"THE LINEN CUPBOARD"  
ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH  
BY ETHEL GABAIN  
(Colnaghi & Co.)



"SEWING." ORIGINAL LITHO-  
GRAPH BY JOHN COPLEY  
(Colnaghi & Co.)





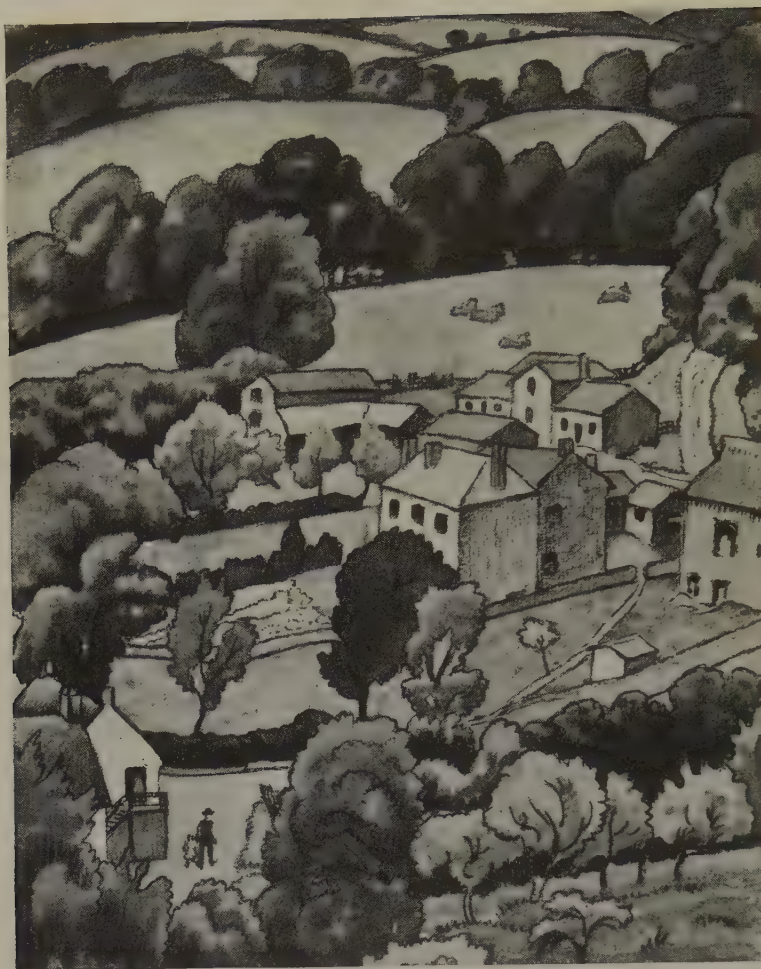
PETIT-POINT NEEDLEWORK PANEL  
OF THE TIME OF CHARLES I  
(Sidney Hand Ltd.)—see p. 187.

to Flansham, Bognor, Sussex. It is curious that England should have been so long without a society of this kind, while most foreign countries have had such organizations, and considering the number of designers and collectors of book-plates here, the new Society should have no difficulty in securing adequate support. ▀

The Society of Graphic Art is another new body which has recently come into existence, and bids fair to play an important part in the progress of art in this country. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., has, with Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, the Honorary Secretary, taken an active part in its promotion, and the President of the Royal Academy and several R.A.'s and A.R.A.'s have given their countenance to the Society, while the list of original members contains the names of prominent representatives of original etching, lithography, wood engraving, book illustration, and kindred arts. Pending the election of a President and executive at a general meeting, Mr. A. J. Finberg has been acting as Chairman of the Provisional Committee, and after the formal launching of the

Society at this meeting, arrangements will be made for an inaugural exhibition, which, owing to scarcity of accommodation, may not take place till early next year. ▀

The Decorative Art Group, now holding an exhibition at the Dorian Leigh Gallery in Bruton Street, has expanded very much since it made its début at the Modern Gallery four years ago, when it counted but nine members, while now the number exceeds a hundred. Those who have joined the group include Mr. George Sheringham, Mr. Walter Bayes, Miss Jessie Bayes, Mr. Ernest Cole, Mr. Leonard Richmond, Mr. Blamire Young, Capt. Robert Gibbings, Mr. Reginald Higgins, and other British artists whose names are more or less familiar to the public, as well as a number of foreign artists whose co-operation gives an international aspect to the group. The aims of the group are set forth in a statement which prefaced the catalogue of the first exhibition. Practically banishing from their schemes "that third dimension, the illusion of which is created by the use of shadows," these artists, in their



"IN THE COUNTRY"  
BY ETHELBERT WHITE  
(DECORATIVE ART GROUP)

paintings and appliqué hangings, posters, and stencilled designs, "restrict themselves more or less to two-dimensional design," and recognizing the supreme importance of rhythmic colour and line in decoration, they hold that "these decorative qualities are at variance with any attempt to create an illusion of actuality." This declaration of principles continues to hold good, not excluding the "more or less" in relation to design of two dimensions, for not all the members of the group are averse to the use of shadows, though they may use them for a different purpose than that of creating an illusion of actuality. We include with our

illustrations two of the paintings contributed to this exhibition by Mr. Reginald Higgins and Mr. Ethelbert White respectively. The display comprises, in addition to numerous pictures, an interesting assortment of designs for textiles, posters, etc., and some pottery. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The British Institute of Industrial Art was inaugurated rather more than a year ago at the instance of two Government departments—the Boards of Trade and Education—and in its scheme of operations, of which an account was given in these pages at the time, a prominent place was given to the holding of a permanent exhibition of work by individual craftsmen





"THE RIBBON COUNTER"  
BY REGINALD HIGGINS  
(DECORATIVE ART GROUP)

and the productions of wholesale manufacturers. This part of the Institute's programme has reached the stage of fulfilment in an exhibition now being held at the commodious building forming the head-quarters of the Institute at Knightsbridge, opposite the Guards' barracks, and as a beginning it is certainly deserving of commendation. We hope to refer more fully to it in our next issue, and to illustrate a few of the things shown. ▀ ▀

**P**RAGUE.—Though the third century of Shakespeare's death came at a time when Europe was in the throes of a gigantic struggle, the occasion did not

pass unheeded even here among the Czechs, where the great poet-dramatist's genius has many earnest students and worshippers. Among these is the painter-etcher, Jan Konecny, who seized the occasion to render homage to this unique figure in the world's literature by a cycle or set of sixteen large plates (published by Mr. Dyk of Prague), in which he has essayed an interpretation of certain episodes in the tragedy of Hamlet. One of these is here reproduced—one in which the artist has chosen for his subject the meeting of Hamlet and his father's ghost. In this, as in the other plates of the series—and also in the set he has done of Macbeth—the



"HAMLET AND HIS FATHER'S GHOST." ONE OF A SET OF ETCHINGS BY JAN KONEČNÝ  
(By courtesy of M. Dyk, publisher of the set)

artist has endeavoured to express his own impressions and emotions after studying the plays, rather than to reproduce the traditional stage interpretations, and so thoroughly indeed has he interwoven his own soul in the work that the result is a Czech Hamlet. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Maria Fischerová Kvěchová is an illustrator of books and designer of toys which enjoy much popularity among Czech children. The illustration reproduced opposite is from a book of rhymes published during the war by Kočí, for which she made a large number of drawings in colour in the style of the two reproduced.

"Našim dětem" (For our Children) it is called, and it is very attractive, from a decorative point of view. The artist has also designed a number of Easter greeting cards and picture postcards, referring mostly to national customs and folk lore, and has illustrated the national anthem, "Kde domov můj" (Where is my Home); and she has also been very successful with the paper dolls she has designed, in which she has made very clever use of the national dress of the Czechs. They are produced at small cost and are entirely different from the soulless rubbish imported from abroad, with which our toyshops have been packed.





THE  
STU-  
DIO



ILLUSTRATION TO A LULLABY  
BY M. FISCHEROVÁ-KVĚCHOVÁ.  
(FROM "NAŠIM DĚTEM," PUBLISHED BY  
B. KOČI, PRAGUE.)







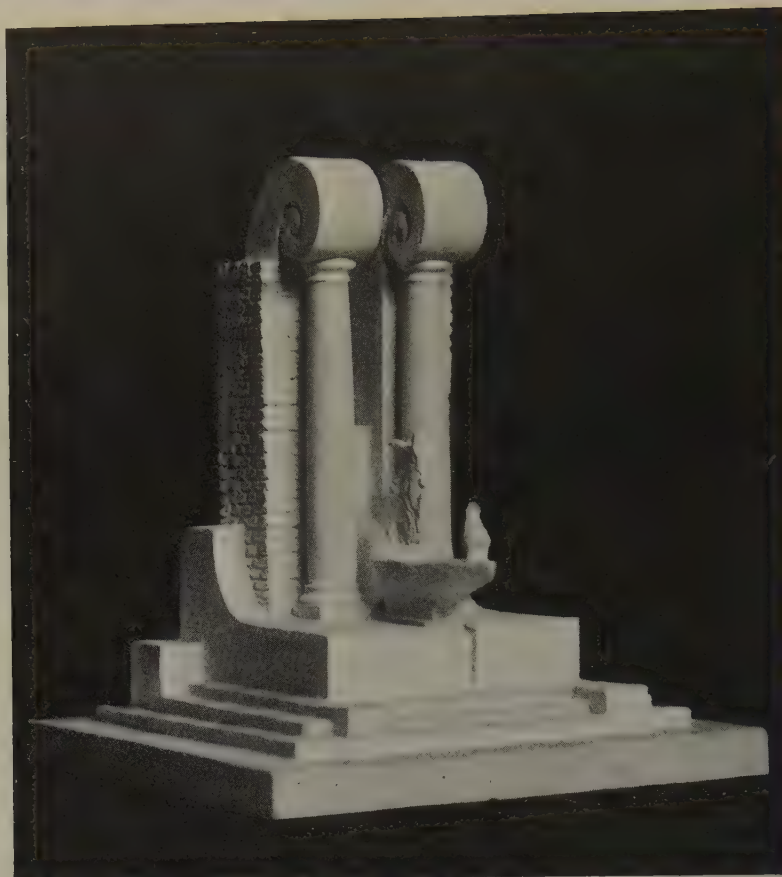
"THE BIRTH OF PSYCHE"  
BY EINAR JONSSON

In these, as in all her work, a genuine sympathy with child life and an understanding of their point of view are evident.

B. P. CL.

COPENHAGEN.—The name of the sculptor Einar Jonsson is not unknown to readers of *THE STUDIO*, for on more than one occasion his work has been the subject of notices in its pages. Hence, in giving reproductions of some of his latest creations it is hardly necessary to reiterate that he is an Iclander with a very pronounced individuality which expresses

itself in works of a quite uncommon order. Gifted with a lively imagination and a virile sensibility, he gives heed only to his own inner promptings, regardless of the dogmas of this, that, or the other school. Though occasionally he essays the interpretation of some classical theme—as, for instance, the *Birth of Psyche* here reproduced, or the statue called *The Antique* illustrated in an earlier number of this magazine—the chief source of his inspiration is his own homeland with its rich treasury of legendary lore. Many works bear witness to his devotion to this rugged island, whose soli-



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF  
CANADIAN SOLDIERS OF ICELANDIC  
DESCENT. BY EINAR JONSSON

tary grandeur is aptly symbolized in the relief *The Hermit of the Atlantic*. The monument to Canadian soldiers of Icelandic descent who fell in the great war is interesting both as an example of the sculptor's individuality of conception and as a reminder that his native land, though neutral, indirectly shared in the struggle.

R. N.

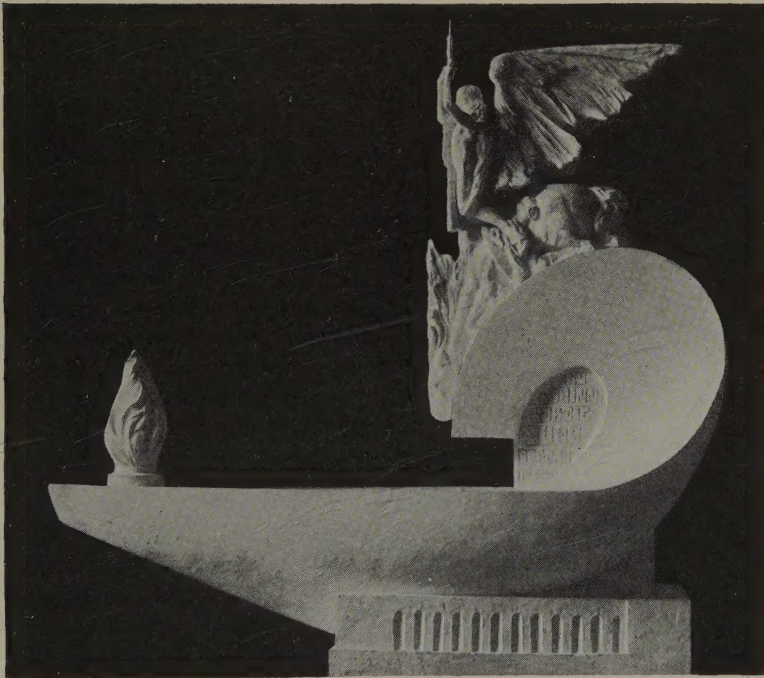
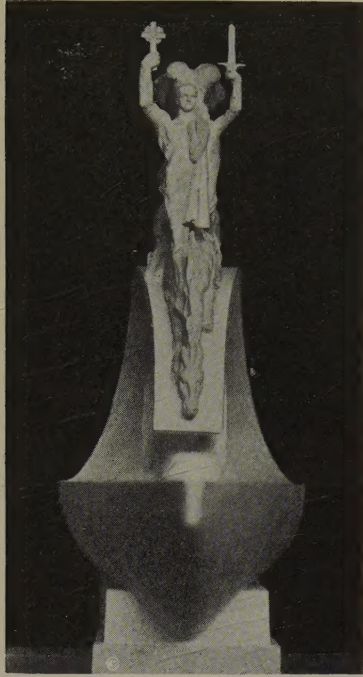
#### REVIEWS.

*Outlines of Chinese Art.* By JOHN CALVIN FERGUSON. (Chicago: University Press.) \$3 net.—This volume contains a reprint of six lectures delivered by the author at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1918 and treating of Chinese art products under the chief categories recognized by

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native authorities: *chin shih*—work in metals, stone, or ceramics; and *shu hua*—calligraphy and painting. Mr. Ferguson has enjoyed unusual opportunities of studying Chinese art at first hand, and this fact gives weight to the interpretation which he here sets forth as the result of his extensive studies. In his introductory lecture he points out that in China art is the expression of culture: "There has been no thought of making manual dexterity the central principle," and he shows how closely associated artistic production has been with those ceremonial observances which have ever been the foundation and framework of Chinese culture. It is interesting to note the great esteem, and even veneration, in which jade, classed with bronze among the *chin shih*, has always been





"THE LAMP OF SACRIFICE" (DETAIL OF SOLDIERS' MONUMENT). BY EINAR JONSSON





"THE HERMIT OF THE ATLANTIC." BY EINAR JONSSON

held by the Chinese, and in particular the fact that the chief pleasure it yields them is derived from the sense of touch. The author is inclined to think that this artistic appreciation of a sensitive touch is peculiar to the Chinese race, but the love with which a connoisseur will fondle a rare piece of porcelain seems to us to show that this form of artistic feeling is not entirely new to "occidental consciousness." Curiously enough, though the products of Chinese ceramic art often fetch fabulous sums in the West, this art occupies the lowest rank among the chief categories noted above, and this inferiority is reflected in the relative scarcity of native literature on the subject, which, as the author points out, includes no book so comprehensive and informative as Hobson's "Chinese Pottery and Porcelain." On the other hand, calligraphy which with us is so little esteemed, is more highly honoured in China than any other art, and has had a more widespread influence. Mr. Ferguson's lectures dealing with it and with painting are well worth reading, and give a clear insight into the fundamental principles which have determined the evolution of Chinese art. Here, as throughout the book, the subject-matter is illustrated by numerous excellent reproductions. ▀

*War Posters issued by Belligerent and*

*Neutral Nations, 1914-1919.* Selected and edited by Martin Hardie and Arthur K. Sabin. (London: A. and C. Black.) 25s. net.—Captain Hardie and his colleague at the Victoria and Albert Museum have exercised excellent judgment in the selection they have made from the myriads of posters called forth by the Great War for the purpose of illustrating this volume. The examples chosen number, it is true, only eighty, whereas the collection formed by the Imperial War Museum is said to exceed twenty thousand, but they strike us as being fairly typical of the best efforts made in those countries where the poster played a prominent part during the war. Of these eighty more than sixty represent, in about equal proportions, England and France on the one side, and Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other, and there is thus ample material for an instructive comparison. The series of reproductions is prefaced by an introduction in which the productions of the various countries are briefly appraised, and with the general tenour of this appraisal we are in complete agreement. ▀ ▀ ▀

The Special Number of *THE STUDIO* dealing with "The Norwich School" will be ready a few days after the publication of this issue. It will contain 80 plates, including several in colour. ▀ ▀ ▀









"CORNISH BAY, SUMMER NIGHT."  
FROM THE OIL PAINTING  
BY JULIUS OLSSON, R.A.